

media

media

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Literary magazine of Palm Beach Junior College

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Media, the college literary and art magazine which is published annually in the spring, assists in providing students with an outlet for creative expression. The publication contains both prose and poetry selections, a number of which are illustrated. In toto, the reader is thus provided with a rich world of enjoyment and imagination.

Beginning in the late fall of each year all interested students are urged to submit contributions for possible selection and publication in the spring. The identity of each contributor remains anonymous to the editorial board until after final selections have been chosen. The editors and the editorial board judge each work on the basis of quality of thought, excellence of material, individuality of style, and originality. In short, the board tries to select the finest literary and artistic efforts on campus.

The magazine is financed by a portion of the student activity fee, the money being granted by the student government. Every student on campus is eligible to receive a copy of the magazine. More than 100 copies are mailed to high school libraries and other colleges and universities.

We hope you the reader and viewer receive as much pleasure in perusing through Media as we have had in preparing this current issue for your enjoyment.

Again we thank each and every contributor. We are only sorry we couldn't print all of the work submitted. We appreciate all the hard work carried on by everyone concerned.

If you have any comments we would be glad to receive them.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Allen, Editor

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the cup

(To C.E.P.)

A dejected lump of clay
Turned slowly on the wheel.

You came—

Pledged . . .
A kindred trust—
The bottom of the cup.

Shared . . . were many things . . .
And that to come—
The sides start to form.

Told . . . were many things . . .
That I have never . . . and you have never—
The cup is formed.

Built are . . . dreams, hopes, plans . . .
Vowed are their reality—
The rim.

Sworn is . . . faith and love and
Understanding . . . as we do and others don't . . . and wouldn't—
The handle.

Engrave thereon . . .
"Twins of one mind
Set apart in separate flesh."
Completed.

Not yet . . .

* * *

Drink now
From Friendship's Cup
That only we have pottered.
We drank . . .

—Ronald L. Hancock

blue print

Come. Walk with me.
You may trust me . . .
I shall leave a touch on your body
Cooler than the crystal touch of moonlight.
I shall leave a kiss on your mouth
Softer than wind-breath.
I shall sing you a silence
More delicate than leaf-chimes.
Come. Trust me . . .
I shall be silver to you.

—*Anne Ellen Quincey*

chambered nautilus

(with apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes)

Strike from more clever angles, admen, strike!
Man every TV mike!
Outdo thy paltry past!
May each commercial, louder than the last,
Drive us to spending sums more and more vast
Till there is no one who
Dares give not his soul to Madison Avenue!

Offer more tempting bargains, merchants, please!
Our sales resistance tease!
Ready thy hard-sell snares!
Lure us more often to thy downtown lairs!
Load us with debts and ever-mounting wares
Till we are fully poor,
Paying thine easy terms as long as we endure!

Build thee more stately mansions, builders, go!
Make subdivisions grow!
Keep not thy prices low!
Let each split-level, each small ranch-type box
Boast more baths, bedrooms, patios and docks
Till we can live like kings,
Buried in baubles, bored stiff with excessive things!

Turn out more splendid autos, O Detroit!
Be ever more adroit!
Rival imperial Rome!
Help us to park at each suburban home
More elegance, horsepower and brighter chrome
Till there's at least one car
In which each member of the house can roam afar!

Build thee more sturdy shelters, worldlings all!
Make fast thy fall-out wall!
Ban from it friend and guest!
May thy stout bunker, stronger than the rest,
Afford thy brood a cozy war-time nest
And foretaste of the tomb,
Where, too—alas—thine earthly treasures won't find room!

—Eleanor J. Myatt

$$\left| \begin{matrix} x_1 & y_2 & z_3 \end{matrix} \right| \sqrt{XZ^3YZ+Z}$$

ms 111

$$\begin{array}{c} 1 \dots \frac{1}{2N} \\ 1 \dots \frac{1}{2N} \end{array} \left| X \rightarrow \infty \left[\frac{Z+Y}{X-Z} \right] \right|$$

S. LEONETKA

Rows upon rows of little black marks stand defiantly on thin blue battle lines. An atmosphere of tense expectation hovers cloudlike over the snow white battlefield. An algebra problem awaits the attack of an aspiring mathematician.

Absolute values stand erect, confidently holding the signs they will wield against the opponent. Nervous terms tightly grip their deadly coefficients as phalanxed polynomials tighten their ranks. Weak integers hide in the armor of parenthetical expressions. A visible silence hovers over the field, factors shiver, numerators send furtive messages to denominators. The battle is about to begin.

The air is shattered as a pencil tears into the equation scattering terms right and left of the equal sign. The whole equation shivers under the fury of the attack. Values are added and subtracted out of existence as complete expressions are factored away. Fractions are reduced to nothing while terrified constants flee in panic. Extraneous roots are completely ignored when an army of unknowns is trapped by Cramer's Rule. Nothing seems able to stop the terrible carnage. Simplification runs rampant and the battle is almost lost.

Suddenly a horde of imaginaries emerges from pillbox radicals hidden between the lines. They surge over the mathematician like a band of marauding barbarians. His valiant efforts to reduce fail miserably, nothing can stop these terrible warriors. His last operations fail as he is beaten back toward infinity. The final solution is wrested from his grasp.

A great cheer of victory rises jubilantly from the equation. The quadratics have won again. All is quiet later as a light rain of eraserdust drifts gently over the empty battlefield.

by John M. Thiele

the road

How many times I have traveled this road—
To success—to failure—
In the sleepy sweat of dawn
Or the weary sigh of twilight.
In the blazing heat of sun,
In starless, silent night.

How does one know—where a road the first time traveled will end?
There are three bridges and a hanging tree.

I have traveled it with a joyous heart
To agony and heartbreak.
Eyes blinded by tears—or rain
To sin—to glory—it leads where heaven
Often merges into hell.
Hear the laughter . . .

 cry the bitter tears.

There is deepest love and sharpest hate
And memories—brave dreams with tattered edges
And a tiny spark of undying hope.

I traveled it again tonight—still
The three bridges and the hanging tree . . .

 the once end was gone . . .

 . . . maybe tomorrow—when it's light . . .

—Sue Smith

station

BLAZING NEONS
BLINKING FROM HABIT
REFLECT
VENDING MACHINE JUNGLES
HUNGERING
FOR THE TASTE OF A NICKLE
WHILE FLIES
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF
AN UNTENDED FRUIT STAND
SMILING MAGAZINE COVERS
COQUETTE
WITH A YAWNING CONDUCTOR
BLINDLY READING
A YELLOW SIGN
HANGING BY THREE CORNERS:
"NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL"
PAPER BOYS
WITH CALLOUSED PALMS
HERALD
THE LATE EDITION
TILL THE LAST
ECHOING FOOTSTEP
IS TRIPPED
BY THE CRASH OF A GATE

—Anonymous





i heard the wind

Last night I saw the black night sky
And a shining tear rolled down her cheek.
The star fell without a sound,
And few were there to see.

I heard a prayer fall with a thud
On the wet street.
And the breeze blew it away
Never to reach the nonexistent ear of God.

I touched the silver, moonlit sea
To soothe her sighing
But I could not quiet her—
And she beat her fists upon the sand.

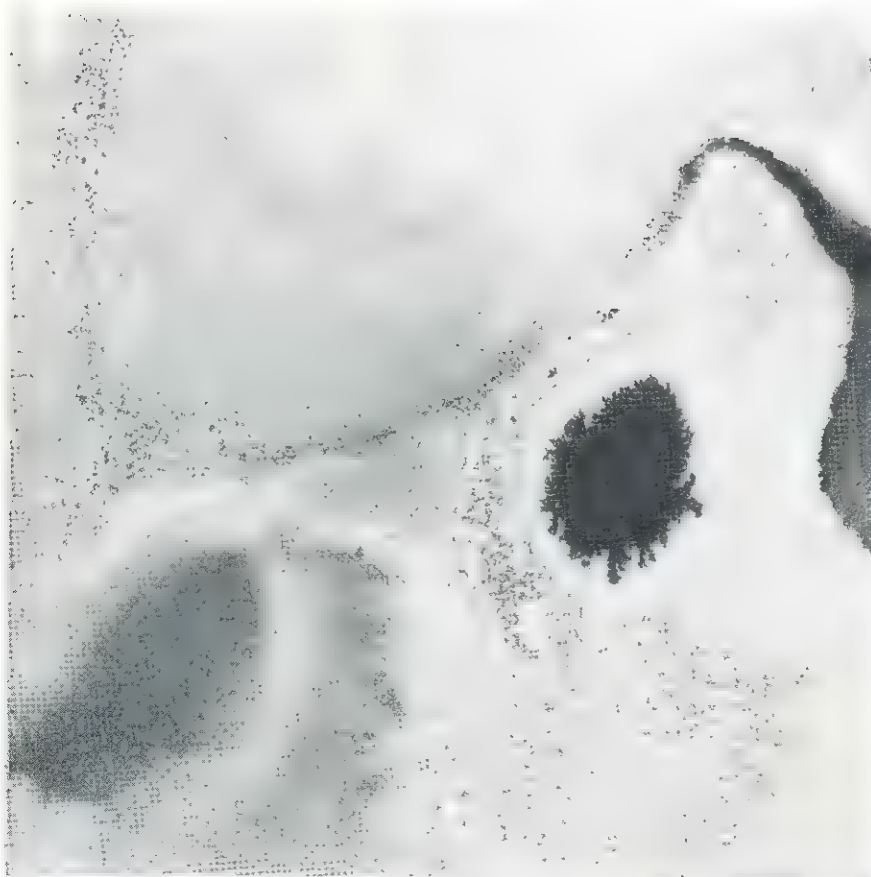
Last night I saw the black night sky.
I heard the wind
And watched God die.

Sue Smith

philosophy of life

Why am I here? Because some Greater Will
Decreed that on life's ocean should embark
My soul to serve the few short years that mark
The passage of the deep for good or ill,
And time has come and gone for me until
I sense the dimming of the vital spark;
And now my prescient ear begins to hark
As distant surfs roll loud and louder still.
I question not the wisdom that has wrought
This miracle of life for weal or woe
With years of wastefulness or better spent;
But may I hope my presence here has brought
A comfort to some travelers that go
On this same voyage. If so, I am content.

Watson B. Duncan, III



denouement

Sobering at best to comprehend
that I had no more effect
upon your life's course than
a drop
in an ocean,
a temporary constriction in
the mad flow of your existence.

I had imagined that you and I
moved on a single plane,
our relationship a symmetroid
of cause and effect—
no—I erred.

Our connection was unilateral,
I left you whole, but you, you changed my life.

Our course is set, denouement manifested.
Our ways are two parallel lines,
destined to meet—never
though we trace and retrace each
phase of our relationship.

By our separate realms of experiences
we are indicted—ever to be at variance.

Linda Atkinson



destiny

His mind was emotionally snowbound, adrift with the portent that pounded his whole being in its effort for expression.

"Today will be different! I know it. Something will happen." He somersaulted across the bed throwing bed clothes like gargantuan confetti in his eagerness to greet the day that would surely bring him happiness. As if in affirmation the sun consumed the shrubs in a shimmery light that searched out each arthritic leaf vein and translucent insect wing.

"I can't go to school today. They won't understand; they never do. I'll cut . . ."

The door exploded inward at the impact of a large furious woman who stood panting after the exertion of the stairs.

"What's all that noise up here? You trying to wake the dead with all that clomping around? It's six thirty in the morning—what'll the neighbors think? Look at those sheets—the maid'll think we're running a pig-pen! Stop day-dreaming. You'll be late for school . . ."

"I'm not going to school," he screamed inwardly.

". . . and you'll keep your ride waiting."

He went to school.

"Please, You. Please let today be different; not like all the others." He wrenched himself away from the seductive sun and entered the artificial cheerfulness of chalk dust and uncomfortable scientifically fitted desks. Bodily confinement failed to shackle the expectancy that paced back and forth in his mind. He smiled broadly and began to sing softly.

"Well look at 'Morning Glory.' What's the good humor man got to be so cheerful about? He must've inherited a million dollars—nothing else could make anyone so happy this early in the morning."

He stopped singing.

After class he raced to find Madera. She would understand—share this feeling. He found her with a group of friends sitting in the library.

"Come outside, Madera."

"What?"

"Come look at the clouds. They're beautiful!"

"What?" She glanced furtively at her snickering comrades. "I've got to study . . ."

by Lucia Robson

He grabbed her arm in his eagerness and she followed him outside where she spit out her fury in a low, restrained voice.

"Who do you think you are? Clouds indeed!" she hissed with a wary eye on possibly curious passersby. "What'll my friends say? They think you're crazy and I almost agree with them. You embarrass me again like that and we're through!" Wrenching herself away from his stunned gaze she flounced back into the library's indifferent maw.

He gazed after her, even in his utter despondency incapable of the emotional cathartic, tears. Sitting on the edge of the walkway, motionless and wistful, he hoped someone, anyone would stop their ceaseless scurrying and sit quietly with him; but they hurried on.

He sat there alone.

An organic ray of sunlight, a large yellow butterfly, lit on a branch nearby. Suddenly he must have that golden insect, must hold it in his hand. He crept up softly and grabbed clumsily. His fingers closed about the frail wings. The butterfly struggled frantically, writhing and flapping. It escaped, limping pathetically through the soft sunlight and left him looking at fingers smeared with faded gold powder.

He turned desperately to the others still rushing aimlessly by.

"They don't know their own futility. They can't see that there's more to life than the blind alley they've accepted. And these chunks of sightless wood are ruling my life!"

"Why won't you let me lead my own life?"

His hand reached into his pocket and closed around freedom. Cold and hard, sharp and cruel was this liberty, but he must have it. He brought it out and it dropped onto the grass where it lay glinting in the sunlight. He reached for it, fighting his out-sized fist which seeming to possess a will of its own refused to grasp the knife. He lunged, clutched the weapon with reluctant hands and slashed.

"My God," groaned one of them through a hinged, flapping wooden mouth.

"He's cut his own strings!"

to my husband on our wedding

Now that we're joined as one, my dear
In pact good unto death,
You'll learn to love my crude, crass ways,
Withstand my sour breath.

You'll learn to stroke my bloated cheek
And kiss my blue-veined hand,
And quick return my toothless smile.
My faults you'll understand

And heartily forgive me, dear,
For slaving at my plate,
And learn to waltz me o'er the floor
Despite my ponderous weight.

So pucker up and kiss me, sweet,
And fondly call me "honey,"
For I possess life's blood for you—
Vast quantities of money.

Nay, sweet, you'll not console yourself
With other, beauteous women
For e'en if I suspect, I'll cut
You off without a penny.

With care did I select you from
Your nobler friends of fashion,
Detected mercenary traits,
Discovered your great passion.

And you'll not vent frustrations
On my ear, 'twill spell your finish.
For each cross word upon your lips
Your allowance will diminish.

You'll have your fill of wealth, my sweet,
For now and each tomorrow,
But I'm the thorn upon your rose,
Your source of constant sorrow.

You'll die a thousand deaths for gold,
Yet never dare dismiss me.
The wart grows larger on my nose
But still, you have to kiss me.

—Linda Atkinson

portrait of a clown

Laugh, clown, laugh,
 Tho' your heart is breaking;
Laugh, clown, laugh
 Even tho' it's aching.

Wear your mask
 To hide that tear;
Let no one know
 It's yourself you fear.

Hide your sadness
 'Neath your mask;
Smile now
 Tho' it will not last.

Show the people
 You cannot frown;
Make them laugh
 Thru' sadness, clown.

Bonnie Wulk





The blue-gray of the universe:

engulfs the stars

as they illuminate the skies

in the darkness of night

The moon: shaded

by sparse vague clouds

reflects brilliance upon water

The natural beauties

of a late summer night

marred:

by grotesque neons and fluorescents

advertising the greed of man.

The bitterness of the struggle between the two opposing armies I won't go into. Hate is something most people rarely experience, deeply that is. They say you don't really hate, but you dislike. I disagree. From the first days of the war I have tramped from one battlefield to another, being driven into a state of exhaustive sickness. The death, destruction, and ruins of the Southern countryside can speak for itself. The God-forsaken scenes of death can never be imparted from my memory, neither can the embedded hate.

The thought of failure for this coming day and what it meant if we failed could be seen in every face and could be felt by the silence of the men ever since we took our position. But I shoved all thoughts of failure out of my mind because I knew we wouldn't. We'd teach them damn yankees a thing or two. Looking over the terrain from our position inspired me, and eased that inward feeling of solitude, reassuring me of our coming victory. We had an excellent defensive position. We had to win. Our army was the last thing of any strength or size that could defeat the advancing forces between here and Savannah.

Dawn was breaking, and it would soon I heard a cock crow and I chuckled to myself of-a-bitch ever managed to escape the eyes of



Ronald L. Hancock

so
bitter
the
hate



The strategy was that we were to advance ten miles, in a counter-attack. We were to wait for a courier army was to remain in their present positions. We instructions.

be day. In the distance wondering how that son-hungry soldiers. Through the mist lying over the valley I could see the twinkling fires of the other army several miles away. The smoke from their fires was rising to mix with the haze.

Day broke and our officers started the preparations for do-or-die engagement. At eight thirty my regiment broke camp and proceeded northeast.

double back, and hit the opposition with orders first. The rest of our started on our way following

At ten o'clock the cannon roar and increasing musket fire in the distance told us that

the engagement had begun. The sound of violence continued to increase till noon and then it subsided. We reached our position and waited for the courier.

Dust rising from the road several miles away caught our attention. Not knowing who it might be, our officer ordered us into a grove near the road. The dust grew closer and we could hear the clatter of wagons and the pounding of hoofs. Five Confederate ambulances came into view and our officer walked out to the road. The wagons stopped and the officer conversed with a driver. He returned and the wagons clattered on down the road. We waited.

A half hour passed and a group of frightened, discouraged, and wounded soldiers passed by. It was then one-thirty. One was hanging limp in his saddle. He fell from his horse into the ditch beside the road. I searched for his rations but found none.

"Rider coming," a lookout in a tree shouted. Ten minutes later the rider arrived. He wasn't the courier. He didn't bother dismounting, his horse pranced nervously on the road. "We're suffering heavily. They broke through, and everything's on the run. What the hell's the use in waitin'; if you're smart you'll get the hell out of here." He turned his horse and started down the road. "Where are you going?" the officer yelled. "I'm gettin' the hell out of here," the rider replied. The officer yelled, ordering him to stop and join rank. The rider continued on. A rifle cracked and the rider fell.

The afternoon dragged on and a steady and increasing flow of a once-proud army plodded slowly past us. The remnants of once-proud regiments filed by in gloomy silence. The ambulances passed too, loaded with torn and bleeding soldiers—crying, whimpering, dying. The onslaught of the battle had ended; nothing but broken gunfire could be heard every now and then in the distance. I sat against a tree watching what was left of our army march slowly past. "Damn how I hate them for this, damn how I hate them for this. Think they're so smart and proud, bunch of damned yankees."

The courier never came and at four o'clock our regiment joined the ranks of retreat with the other bewildered and broken-hearted soldiers. All was lost, everything. A way of life, beliefs, dreams, plans; everything. I broke rank and started on my own way. Where to, what for, I didn't know. I didn't care. All I could think was . . . damn them, hate them, kill them.

I stumbled insanely across the countryside for an hour, and then rested in a grove by a stream. As I bent over to scoop up water I noticed it had a red tinge. I walked up-stream several hundred yards and came to a clearing. Two regiments had met here just a few hours before. Dead horses and crumpled bodies were strewn across the clearing. In the middle of the clearing a boy about nineteen sat on his knees, clutching his face, crying . . . "God help me, God help me!" I walked to him. He looked up. "Who's there?" His eyes were torn and bleeding. "Who's there?" I couldn't hear a thing, my eyes glued to the U.S. collar insignia. "Help me, please, whoever you are." "Please help me." He extended his hand towards me. "Please help me, will you?" I unholstered my revolver and fired twice. I chuckled as I holstered it. I walked on for another hour.

I was standing on the crest of a hill, scanning the countryside, when I saw a lonely rider approaching slowly across the field. He saw me and turned my way. It was quite dark, and when he approached closer I noticed his uniform. I cocked my revolver. "Come and get it, damn yankee, come and get it." He drew his saber and came galloping towards me. Closer . . . closer . . . then I fired, striking his chest.

As he galloped past, his saber caught my face. I screamed and the force sent me spinning across the ground. He turned for a second pass as I staggered to my feet. Blood obscured my vision. He passed again, and I felt the cold steel tear through my stomach. In a frantic struggle, I grabbed his arm and dragged him to the ground. I beat him in the face with the butt of my revolver. I beat him . . . beat him . . . and beat him.

He lay limp and lifeless. "There damned yankee," I gasped. I struggled to my feet, my head reeling and spinning. With great ease and pain I removed the saber. I coughed, choked, and could taste a clot. "Damn yankee, damn you, yankee," I chuckled. I laughed. "Son-of-a-bitch, I showed you, huh?" A clot formed again and I vomited. "I showed you, huh?" I laughed hysterically. My head reeled and spun, the light grew dim, and I fell to the ground laughing and crawling, gasping for my breath. "I showed ya . . . I showed ya . . . I showed ya . . ."

The sun set behind the desolate war torn hills that afternoon. Here and there the soft wind lifted the dying leaves on the ground and sent them off in a swirling flight. The aged oaks stood as black sentinels against the sky, their clumps of moss swayed lonely in the wind. A pheasant hen scurried swiftly across the field, anxious about her unattended brood. A thin smoke trail drifted from the dying embers of a once beautiful plantation home. In the distance the lightning bolted its way across the sky, and the rumble of thunder echoed through the hills.

On the field a father and son lay five feet apart, the blood flowed from each body and mingled into one pool. The soft rain started to fall, the embers hissed as the drops struck them. A tricklet of water searched its way across the ground, seeking forth the crimson pool . . . found it . . . and washed it away.

Ronald L. Hancock

I

I sit here puzzling, for I know not what I feel for you:
Love?—not yet—only a certain warmth and tenderness
Which I must hide or drive you away perhaps
With an ill-begotten word or glance
That would show you my heart and soul.
This I know—that anticipation of your nearness
Quickens my heart, and being with you
Somehow soothes me.

But even more puzzling is the thought
That I know not how you think of me:
A funny face—a clown—or (God forbid!) a friend.

inception

Marianne Davis

II

I walked along the shore
And the grass was wet on my bare feet,
And the rocks cold and hard
As the heart that turned away.
And my tears joined the wetness of the sea
And salted the water.

And in the shining of the water
I saw your eyes of blue and gray and green:
And in the black of the sky
I saw your hair:
And in the pines
I heard the wind whispering, "Fool! Fool!"
And I wept.



III

Of you I remember only laughter,
And, once, a light and careless
ruffling of my hair;

And I turned and you said nothing
of importance;

Your unleashed energy when you speak,
And your gift of laughter-bringing.
All this is you—but more.

A certain look at the right moment:
And you waited as I lagged behind
To look and examine;
And your incredible patience.
And also your slight cruelty,
As when I needed calmness and col-
lected sense,

You gave me nonsense and insanity,
But only because you were unsure too,
And needed my reassurances which did
not come.

And this is you.

people of the night

They swear and stagger
In a smoke-filled room.
They talk in muffled whispers
Across a trail of candle light.
They dance in sultry swaying
To a haunting, sex-steeped tune.

These are the people of the night.

Diamonds glitter on silken flesh
Their brilliance caught in the dim and smoky light.

A cigarette burns to ashes
The bubbles die in the wine.
The music has stopped—the smoke has cleared.
The instruments lie shrouded in a corner.

Gone are the people of the night.

Day is in pursuit—her blazing light
Hoping to catch them unaware,
But they are gone . . .
Still safe—hidden are their sins.

At last the day gives up her search
And they emerge again—teeming
From the penthouse—from the gutter.

These are the people of the night.





Terrified and incoherent screeches that are but intermittent releases of energy mingle with the sobbing of the sea. Jagged metallic fragments grate rhythmically with the confused pulsations of the briny deep. She, who once had been so proudly rigged with the drab but efficient finery of geometric form is now metamorphosed to a shapeless, twisted image.

Torpedoes, trailing silent bubbles, relentlessly and successfully stalk her for the kill. They pierce the outer skin, rip the blister, and erupt death and destruction. She is mortally wounded; her bowels are blasted wide, extending an invitation for the restless sea silently to steal fragments of floating wreckage.

Engine room machinery not torn loose is strangely quiet. Missing are the normal sounds of efficiency, the whirl of machinery, the snapped orders of the Engineering Officer, the constant clanking of the shaft screws, the change in pitch of sounds as the drive increases or decreases tempo. All the sounds that existed as pandemonium to the uninitiated now speak the gibberish of death.

The droning of the shaft-revolution indicator is replaced by a tick-tick-tat, telegraphed back through the ship from the outside lapping of water against metal. The whirl of engines, now dead, is substituted by the gush and gurgle of sea water sloshing ever higher.

The agonies of mortal injury have convulsive expressions that are alien to the engine room of a Lady, so recently proud of whirl, bustle, and rhythm. The song of mechanical efficiency is replaced by a dirge. A steam line hisses snake-like, first clear and sharp, then gurgles and sputters as the water envelops it. Each pulse of the restless sea creates sounds that change with the ebb and flood through her shattered side. The screeching is subdued by the transfusion of sea water for the air of life.

A ship whose first clashing drink was Champagne, now gulps and gags on brine served by his royal majesty King Neptune.

Bill Flory

urge of creation

A feeling grows—
Deep rooted—bursting forth,
Makes known its need
For shape—and form.
The sketch—so rough—
Brings on an urge
For depth—emotion—color.
Canvas—white, unmarred—
Invites the brush.
But hesitation comes—
There lies the untouched board . . .
A swift caress of brush
Soon gives the start of life.
Groping, frenzied work—
That will not cease—
Gives birth to beauty.
Finished—exhaustion—
The urge now conquered.

—Diane S. Dickens

The earth awakes,
Veiled in golden dawn,
She washes her face
In the cool morning dew,
And brushes the tangled
Stars of night from out of her hair.

morning *Ronald L. Hancock*

hopeless perfection *Richard L. Newell*

The lonely street of perfection
Looms as the day toils on;
Haunts the mysterious soul
Of the mind that ne'er has gone
On to finish the lonely task
That never will be done—
When earth and shadows meet
In the land beyond the sun.

remembrance

I walk in a veil of mist trying to forget,
But fool and idiot that I am I find this impossible.
I realize that what was once mine is no longer,
And this I should know, but truth is hard to take.
I loved and still love that which I remember,
But can no longer be mine.

Mist and fog, rain and squalls depress me
To an extent unrealized by most people,
For I think, and this is bad.
And in thinking I think of you—something I cannot have
And yet, something I still yearn for.
What makes me like I am?

To share one's hopes, dreams, aspirations, fears
Is something unexplainable.
I miss this opportunity.
And if one cannot share that which one loves, one is dead.
This is the way I feel.
How can this be explained? Perhaps it can't.

I remember you for what you were,
And this I can never forget!
Hard as I try, and hard as I blot my mind like a blotter
Blotting ink, I still find I have the outline.
Perhaps I shall never forget;
Perhaps I shall always remember—

You, with your soft voice;
The tender touch that I now miss;
The concern, the quiet beauty, the believing in me.
Yes, these come singly
As drops of rain in a pool fall,
And leave their patterns.

As snow melts, perhaps someday in some way my memory will also,
But this I do not really believe.
I must escape from all, but how is difficult.
For now I walk alone amidst the ever-darkening night;
Hoping to forget you, but seeing you
In my dreams.

You who changed the pattern of my life,
Who influenced me for good.
What can I now do?
And sometimes when the tropical winds whip their lashes

Across the island, I become as though I were nothing.
Thinking, remembering. How can I stop?

To love, and realize too late the fault of oneself
Is but to commit disaster.
I know that I shall never be what you wanted me to be,
Nor become anything but a nonentity.
For when cupid strings his bow and shoots his arrow,
One cannot survive the sting.

I love thee for what thou are, and for what thou may do.
No matter where or when you may change,
I shall still hold on firmly
To that wonderful memory
Of you;
Always you.

And so I walk in a pleasure of sorrow along the street,
And I try to remember.
The slow drops patter.
This mist upon the flowers has made them sweet.
I brush them with my sleeve;
The cool drops scatter.

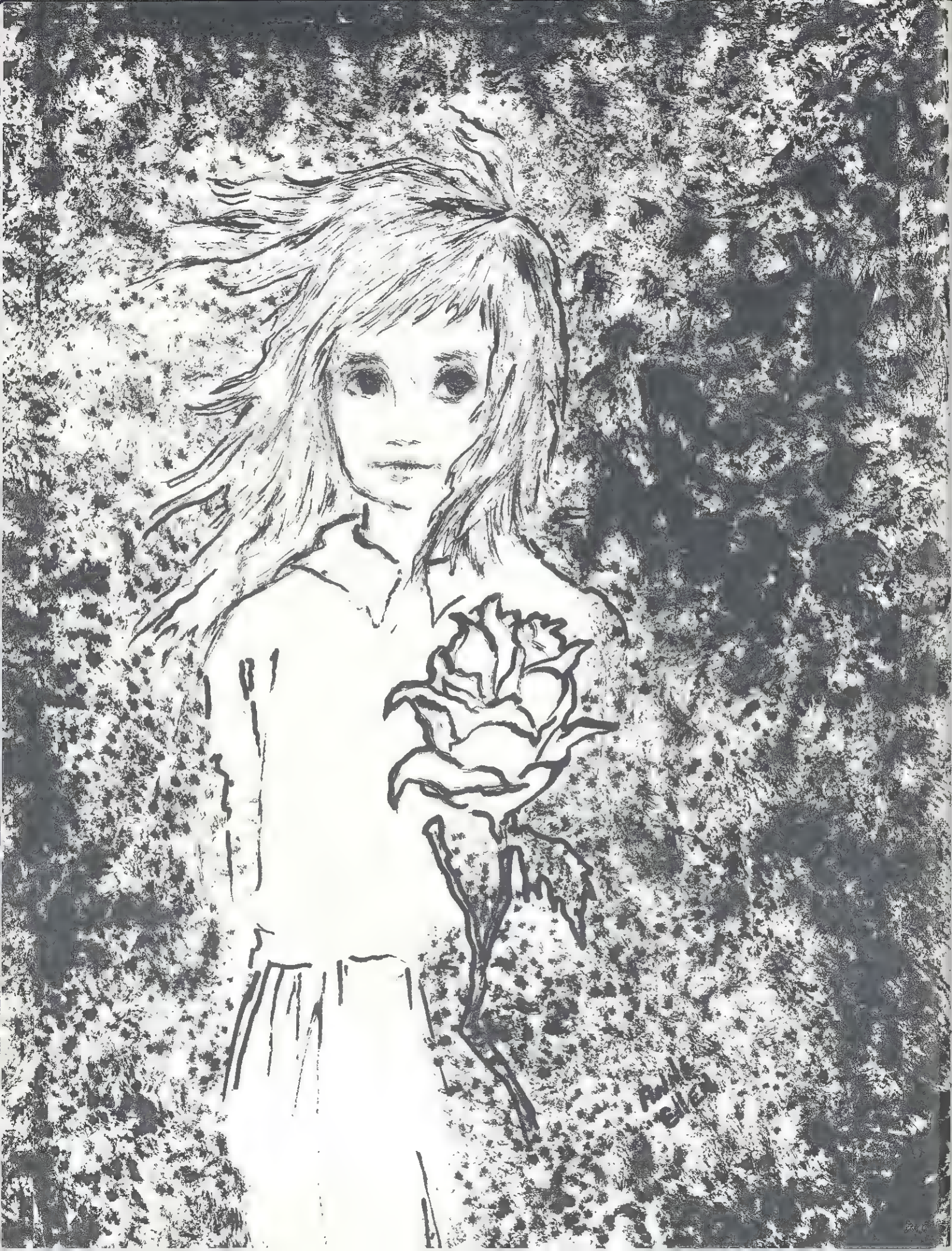
Suddenly, I laugh,
And I stand and listen as if another had laughed.
A shower of raindrops hits stone and dust.
And it seems as though it were you who had shaken the branch
And spilled the fragrance.
I pursue your face again—

It disappears and then grows more vague and lovely.
It escapes me now.
I remember that you are no longer here and drown in pain.
Something there was I said to you;
I try to recall, something, just as the music seemed to fade.
What were the words, words like fire?

I remember everything now, and smile in sweet repose.
I rehearse the scene
Much more beautiful than before.
And you have become much more beautiful,
And I have become much more wise
Only to lose you.

I shall pursue your ghost wherever it may be,
And in doing so I shall probably not find that which gave me life.
And so, suddenly, with a pang that hurts,
I become aware that you no longer exist in my life.
I still remember you.
The most beautiful ghost I knew, and I shall never forget the image.

P. William McDaniel



to be or not to be

It was cold. Not the kind of cold that makes one think of snow and fireplaces, but a wet, gray, spiritless cold. There were only a few cars on the road, yet the boy on the motorcycle passed all that he overtook. At the red light he stopped, unzipped his red jacket, lit a cigarette, and waited, nervously tapping his foot on the road.

As the light changed, he threw the cigarette away and turned left onto a muddy dirt road. He slowed and turned in at a small gray house. In front of the house was a white picket fence, badly in need of paint and repair. Beside the fence was a thin, gnarled tree with no leaves.

The boy stopped the motorcycle near the fence, got off, and stood staring at it, frowning. "Finky broad," he muttered aloud, and absently wiped some mud off of the fender with his hand. Feeling someone staring at him, he turned around and saw the little girl. She was standing in the weeds on the other side of the picket fence. She had stringy short dark hair, dirty bare feet, and was wearing a blue dress which was much too long. She looked as if she were meant to be standing there, and he wondered briefly, absurdly, if she had been there always.

She stared. Her eyes were clear, cold gray. Even though they were childishly curious, they were oddly resigned, patiently accepting. Not the eyes of a child, but the eyes of one who has been worn by life. She had not moved since he had been watching her, but now she held out her hand to the boy and indicated with her eyes that he was to take what was offered. The boy wonderingly took it. It was a perfect yellow rose with drops of water left on it by the rain.

"What the hell . . . ?" He turned to thank her—or something—but she was gone . . . running away down the road and through the trees. Frowning, he looked at the rose, shrugged, and absently clutching it in his hand, walked into the house.

He did not realize how dark it had become until he was inside the house. The only light was the blue-gray light from the television set illuminating the red, distorted face of his father and the hand grasping the can of beer.

"How come yer so late?"

"We got busy and I had to stay." He surely wouldn't tell him that he got fired. Not yet anyway. He saw the growing pile of empty beer cans by his father's chair and asked him if he were going to work tonight.

"It's none of your goddam business if I go to work or not."

The boy shrugged and looked around uncertainly. His father answered his unspoken question. "Yer mother's gone out."

The boy winced and walked into the darkness of his room, shutting the door after him.

My mother. She isn't my mother, and she never will be. Even if she is his wife. He sat down on the edge of the bed. Jo-ann. You finky broad. After all this time and now you cop out. He fumbled in his shirt pocket for his cigarettes, found one left, and lit it. It wouldn't be so bad if . . . Why can't people ever play fair? Why do they always have to cheat? All the time she was dating that other guy. Lying. But what hurt the most was that he had left himself so wide open to be hurt. And it had taken him so long to realize. Well . . . what was the use now? Yesterday and all the other yesterdays he could take it. Because there was always Jo-ann. But now.

The little girl. He smiled and then frowned. He wondered where she lived, if anywhere, and who she belonged to . . . if anyone. And if she always ran around giving flowers to strange boys. There was something about her. She seemed so much a part of life, yet isolated from it . . . detached in a world of her own, completely unaffected and untouched.

He sat there in the dark. It began to rain softly. He felt immobile. He began to imagine disconnectedly. He pretended that he was a stone and couldn't move. He couldn't see, hear, or think. He was a stone lying by a pool in the rain. It was quiet by the pool. Everything was blue and green.

He was jolted back to reality by a loud oath from his father and a hurt yelp from the dog. Then he knew. Bill—in Denver. That's what he would do. Bill had told him before to come and stay with him until he could get a job; just any time. Well, Bill, this time I will. There was enough money left to get there. He would leave now, before she got home. He could not face her. It had to be now.

Suddenly he felt hungry . . . a kind of nervous hunger. He went out of the room, through the circle of blue light, past his father sprawled sleeping in the chair, and into the kitchen. All that he could find ready to eat was left-over canned vegetable soup . . . with the white crust on top. He drank it cold. He turned to return to his room and saw a can of unopened warm beer on the cabinet by the sink. He opened it and slowly, deliberately poured it into the sink, watching the foam separate into bubbles that burst and disappeared down the drain.

He walked slowly back to his room. Without turning on the light, he began to assemble what few things he would need to take. There couldn't be much. How much can you fit on a motorcycle anyway? He fit the stuff together as compactly as possible into a roll which could be strapped onto the motorcycle, and prepared to leave the room. No, there was something else. The cross which had been his mother's. It did hold a sort of sentimental meaning for him. Where was it anyway? Still holding the bundle, he groped for the light switch, found it, and turned on the light.

There on the floor, harshly realistic in the yellow glare of the light, was the rose . . . wilted and broken. The boy dropped the bundle and leaned back against the closed door. He felt drained.

Jane Chalker

a brother to dragons

Angry prophet, what do you mean?
(Sand and grit in the great machine)
Blood and sorrow and white-hot throbbing
Man-voice shouting and child-voice sobbing
Darkness falling and dawn unfurled—
What can you do for the dying world?

Build a life in the burning lands;
Hoard your moments with hungry hands.
Sigh no more for the cooling sun—
Make your dreaming and doing one.
Love what you love, give what you give—
Live as you will—but live, please live

Luck-drunk son of the silver rain
Follow the fog till the swans are slain
Leaf-Pan plying the viny mesh
Press the thorns till they rend your flesh.
At once impartial, at once impassioned—
Thus the reeds of your flute are fashioned

Ariel with a wanton mouth
Spanish moss on a bough blown south
Child of Circe, yet son of Mars
Souless demon crowned with stars
Polyglot of contradictions—
Pray spare me your maledictions!

Anne Ellen Quincey

the hardly boys

Once upon a Tuesday, Nickey Neanderthal, an actor's actor, and Alphonse Abominable, an author's author, made definite vague preparations to depart for Almostneverland. They set the date at the thirteenth of Somewhereinthenear-future.

Having been forewarned never to trust naked bus drivers and not to allow tigers into the house, they felt semper paratus, semper fidelis, veni vidi vici, pax vobiscum and fi on eu.

Cedric Cro-Magnum was to rendezvous with Nickey and Alphonse. Cedric, a great little guy's great little guy, had left Vaguesville two days before tomorrow and was expected to arrive in Almostneverland on the first of Shortlythereafter.

The tragic trio scheduled their meeting for five P.M. at the corner of Throng and Scurry in front of the Caste Iron Building.¹

The dense duet plus one had been fraternity brothers, Ka Mu Nist, at Myopic State University. All three, under the guidance of Ivan Iconoclast, had majored in Mao Tse-tung; all three failed; all three changed majors. Nickey changed to tombstone engraving; Alphonse changed to advanced wanderlust; and Cedric changed a ruble for Ivan who was usually broke.

Soon afterwards, the empirical eight minus five, left school, parted, and went their diverse ways. Nickey drove a milk truck; Alphonse enlisted in the Navy; and Cedric sold subscriptions to *Time*. A year had passed when Nickey, declared inane, was fired; Alphonse, declared insane, was discharged; and Cedric declared he was a Democrat and was garroted.

It was then that this momentous meeting of these three great intellects had been planned; they had hoped to meet in Yalta.²

After twenty-eight hours of chain driving, chain smoking, chain speeding tickets, and a chain-gang in Georgia, Nickey and Alphonse arrived in Almostneverland and awaited Cedric. When Cedric appeared, he apologized for his tardiness. It seems he was delayed at police headquarters for double parking his conestoga wagon.

With chaotic discipline the ludicrous libertines set out in search of a one room suite complete with indoor plumbing. Being financially insolvent, they settled for one extra large bed in the basement of a new and used antique shop. It came complete with pre-fabricated wormwood.

¹ For those people unfamiliar with Almostneverland, the Caste Iron Building is the famous edifice which houses the UN, K of C, NAACP, KKK, YMCA, AZA, and Westbrooke Pegler.

² For those people unfamiliar with Yalta, it is the site of the Olympic ping-pong, ghost, and slap-the-wrist tournaments.

Everything had been going along its normal erotic path when Nickey and Cedric received inquiries from their not-so-local draft board.³ Somehow they had forgotten to notify the conscription counselors of their change of address. Somehow they had forgotten to register in the first place. Somehow they had been classified "prime-cut" and somehow they came down with beriberi. Nickey and Cedric were reclassified according to DD form 736A, Rev. 6/60, Reissued 7/60, and outdated 4/76 as artistically inclined and, therefore, not subject to the draft.

After a fantastic recuperation, subject to recurrence, Nickey and Cedric rejoined Alphonse. During this period, Alphonse humored himself with the plight of his cohorts. He nearly died of spasmodic hiccups during an outburst of hysterical guffaws. Alphonse also came close to death when Nickey and Cedric machine-gunned him; they had no sense of humor.

You are wondering, "When do women enter the lives of such a versatile trio?" Well, it is this way: the Hardly Boys hardly had money, hardly had clothing, hardly had position, hardly looked like Adolph Menjou, and damn sure didn't own an automobile. Therefore, they could hardly have afforded to wine and dine young ladies or old ladies or even their sisters, of which they had none.

What is life like for men without women? Hardly anything; ask Phil Wylie.

Hardly desiring to become monks, and because of other disconcerting events, the wayward wastrels went "commercial." Nickey was shunned by directors and play producers. It seems he wasn't a member of the "new school," "old school," "ante-deluvian school," or even "Harrison High School." Alphonse was unable to progress in the literary field. He couldn't afford to purchase a typewriter and he had long since forgotten how to spell. However, Cedric was still a great little guy's great little guy. He later died of malnutrition.

So the great American word "compromise" enters the picture. Nickey became an advertiser's advertiser; Cedric became a shoe salesman's shoe salesman; and Alphonse?

Alphonse is trying to raise bail. He was arrested for attempting to creep.

As the sun sets over the vast Pacific, we leave our products of the "war generation" with these words of wisdom, "Holy mackerel, Andy, what are we going to do now?"

³ For those people unfamiliar with the draft board—get familiar.

⁴ For those people unfamiliar with Philip Wylie, he is a beachboy in southern Florida.

R. B. Wilson

the end

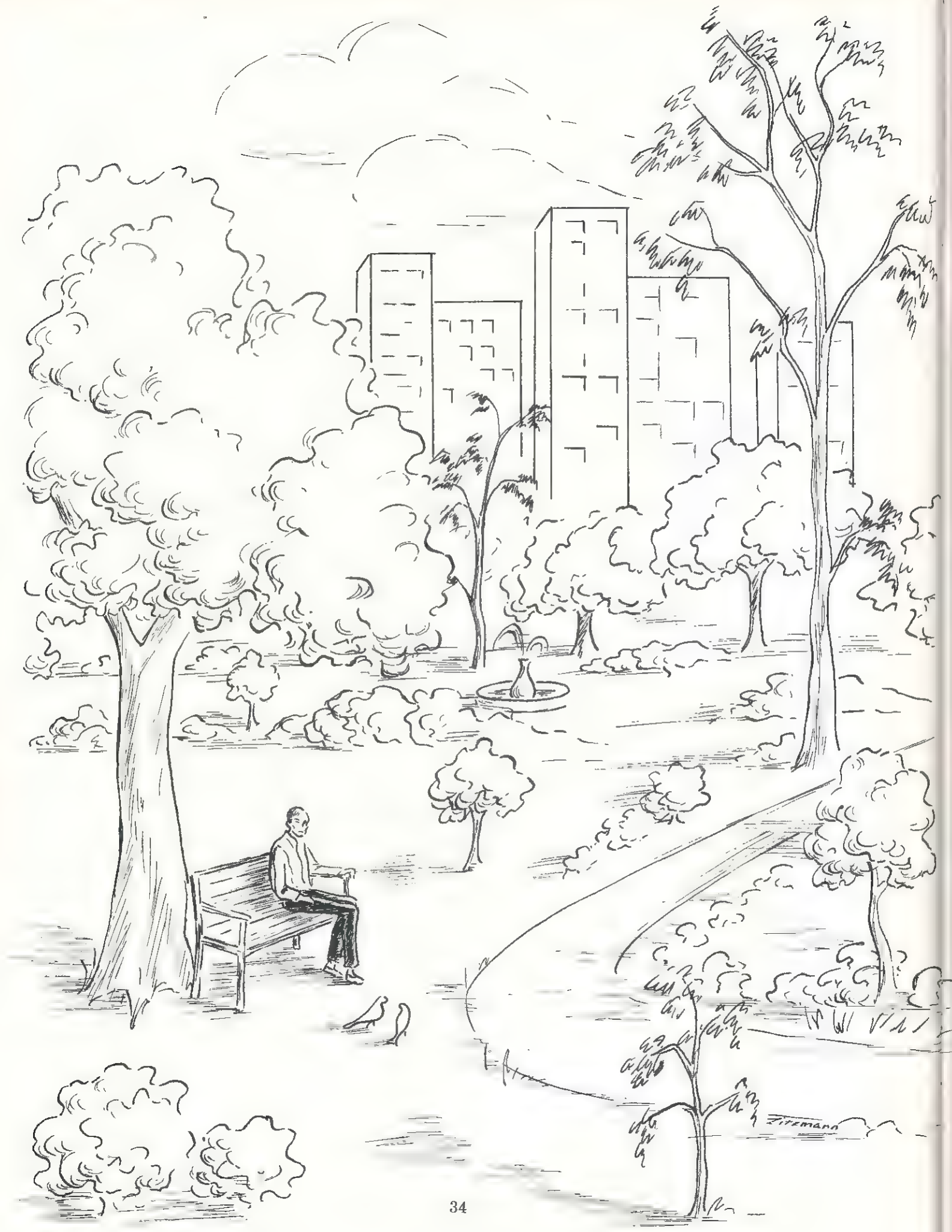
Thought regression,
No more friends,
Plumbing bad,
Soon.
Somber place,
Bedtime tears,
Someone screaming—
Me.
One last thought,
Not of her,
Lights are dimming,
Indigo.
Long walk down,
No last words,
Bars of steel—
Hit the switch.

Tom Mook

ash
wednesday

To circle not
The prime concern
Of ragged face
And oblong curse.
To clean in vain
The surfaced leaf
Of pointed straw
And intoned ash:
The color of dark
On diamond skin—
The shadow of night
On the Son of Him
Who loves.

Frank Leahy



battery park

It rained this afternoon and the little oasis in the city was deserted.

Yes, the pigeons were there;

But for them there was no companionship—

Except for myself.

For them there was no popcorn;

I was too poor.

It is peaceful here in the park.

Occasionally a policeman strolls through

Or a vagrant checks the waste cans for bottles or a dry newspaper;

But neither speak nor stay.

The sounds around my little anachronism are muffled;

As if traffic were surrounded, shrouded,

In a sunproof cloud of mist.

I'm alone and it is tranquil.

The rain has subsided now.

People are wandering in to sit on the old green wooden benches.

I hope it rains again some afternoon.

R. B. Wilson

martyr

You all say, "For this she faced her hell:
To be a rose in the world's lapel,
To be a face on a pasteboard card,
And a marble shrine in a grey churchyard."

For this she stood there and fed the flame
With her own clean body, and bore the blame
Of every heretic, liar, scum
On the fine green earth. (And were there some
In the crowd, who, slaving, watched her glow
With the grizzly luster that demons know,
Till she was ash and a skull as dry
As shuddering oak leaves in mid-July,
And said to each other she died like the prayer
Of one who believed that the empty air
Hid greater things than their eyes could see?)

On what sweet hill would she better be?
She might have stayed with her sheep and shire,
Escaped the agony and the fire,
But not the dying. Perhaps the pain
Could have been lessened. Perhaps a gain
Of a few years' time, of a little life
Could have been hers, had she paid the fife.
(She doubtless felt paradise eternal
A fitting bargain for death infernal.)
Who lives a cause and for that cause dies
Has made no manner of sacrifice.

Anne Ellen Quincey

an indictment

In the midst of trepidation,
Wild and windy imprecation,
Ludicrous man's sad infirmity,
Stands a false hallucination
Pretending man's salvation—
Deceitful, treacherous, Cinchona Tree.

To garrote imagination
And prevent all innovation
It secretes a bitter poison for the blind,
To deny man's protestation
Of accepted standardization,
Subduing the malaria of the mind.

Oh, insidious invitation
Fraught with false indoctrination,
Heretics damned; rational substitute,
Lest there be interrogation
Yielding up a revelation
To expose man's abstinence from search of truth.

It arrests man's wild digressions,
But at length, again, man questions,
But afraid, he begs the poison of the tree
For far easier are repressions
Than the knowledge of transgressions—
Far better to accept conformity.

Man, the light of knowledge darkened
For a thousand times you've hearkened
To the whisper of that tree's voiced "Thou shalt nots."
Can't you see the truth is digression?
That you have the right to question?
On the altar of that tree your freedom rots.

Linda Atkinson

exr 101

The air grew brisk and the ground turned blue
As the cold cold lox was flowed on through;
Through the cool-down stage and out on the ground
Where the leaves on the marsh had all turned brown.
The control for the liquid fuel was hit,
And now they've lit the burnout pit.
A brilliant orange flame flashed high in the air
And a panther cub rose and left the lair.
Another valve opened and steam burst out
Rising and swirling all about.
The power of this white, hot spray
Startled a deer two miles away.
And then a mighty jolt, and a long red flame
Leapt from the night, and a great boom came.
The deafening force rumbled and shook the ground;
Then all was still for miles around.

Mike Savage

contributors

LINDA ATKINSON, a sophomore from Belle Glade, is a psychology major and enjoys writing. This is her second year as a *Media* contributor.

MARIANNE DAVIS, a sophomore, was a member of last year's *Media* staff and has won prizes for her writing as well as having a short story published in the *American Girl Magazine*.

DIANNE S. DICKENS, a major in medical and biological illustration, has as her outstanding interests painting and drawing.

WATSON B. DUNCAN, III, is head of the Department of Communications at P.B.J.C. and is well-known in the Palm Beaches for his lectures and book reviews. He received his A.B. and M.A. degrees from the University of South Carolina and has done advanced graduate work at the University of North Carolina, Duke University, and the Shakespeare Institute at Stratford-On-Avon, England.

BILL FLORY has recently completed a twenty year tour with the U.S. Navy and is now a second semester freshman working toward a career of teaching and guidance. His school activities include the Mature Students' Club, the Student National Education Society, and the Veterans' Club.

RONALD L. HANCOCK, a graduate of Lake Worth High School, is a member of the *Beachcomber* staff and has served two years on the *Media* staff. He is a psychology major.

FRANK LEAHY is an instructor of speech and drama, director of the College Players, husband of Shirley Leahy and father of Mark Andrew, Mary Bridget, Danny Joseph, David Francis, and Angela Marie.

P. WILLIAM McDANIEL is an English and literature instructor and served as advisor to *Media* this year. He received his B.A. from Lake Forest College, his M. ED. from Miami of Ohio, and has done advanced graduate work at Indiana University where he specialized in American literature. He has taught at practically all grade levels and has also worked in the field of school administration. He has had articles published in a number of professional journals. Prior to his entering the profession he was a business executive.

TOM MOOK is a sophomore majoring in drama and has appeared in five campus productions as well as in productions at the Lake Worth Playhouse. He plans to continue his dramatic studies at the Pasadena Playhouse in California.

ELEANOR J. MYATT, a social science instructor, received her Master's degree in history from Smith College and before coming to P.B.J.C. taught in college preparatory schools in Massachusetts and Virginia and at Central Florida Junior College in Ocala. Her interests include writing, oil painting, music, travel, and photography.

RICHARD L. NEWELL is a sophomore majoring in nursing. This is his second year as a contributor to *Media*. His school activities include the band, the College Singers, the Circle "K" Club of which he is past secretary, and the *Beachcomber* on which he serves as circulation manager.

ANNE-ELLEN QUINCEY, a freshman majoring in drama, is on the staff of both the *Beachcomber* and *Media*. She has also appeared in productions with the College Players. She plans to live in New York City after completing her college education.

LUCIA ROBSON, a sophomore, is active in the band, the Art Club, Phi Theta Kappa, and the *Beachcomber*. She also served on the *Media* staff this year and it is her second year as a contributor to *Media*. She plans to continue her education at the University of Florida.

MIKE SAVAGE is taking a course in electronics technology and plans on becoming an engineer and pilot in the Air Force. His interests include scuba diving, flying, travel, and sports.

SUE SMITH is a sophomore and former contributor to *Media*. She served on the *Media* staff last year. An education major, she plans to continue her studies at the University of Florida.

JOHN M. THIELE was born in Berlin, Germany and has spent a great deal of time traveling. He is an electronics major.

R. B. WILSON was born in New York City and resides spiritually if not physically in the Village. He has attended various schools and has hitch-hiked through most of the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

BONNIE WULK wishes to be a commercial artist but is also interested in writing.

